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nesting places, my thoughts wandered back over the dear old times and companions of years ago. I often go to the favorite old places to live it all over again."—HENRY K. COALE, *Highland Park, Ill.*

**Notes on *Ectopistes migratorius*.**—Along in the sixties and early seventies, when millions of Passenger Pigeons made their yearly pilgrimage to their northern Michigan and Wisconsin breeding grounds, a man by the name of Tom Staggs made a business of supplying live Pigeons for trap shooting matches. He owned forty acres, a house and large barn at the north-west limits of Chicago (now Fullerton and Diversy Avenues).

The outside sheeting of the barn was removed and the sides latticed with laths, making the building one huge cage. With an assistant, Byron E. Clarke, who is still living at Hinsdale (a suburb of Chicago), he made regular trips to the Pigeon roosts near Muskegan, Michigan, and Portage, Wisconsin, to get live birds for the shooting matches.

The Pigeons were in such great flocks that they covered all the branches of the pine trees, and by going among them at night, they could be taken by hand from the lower branches by hundreds. They were dropped into bags, and transferred into crates and shipped. At times Mr. Staggs had as many as 5000 or more in his big cage. He provided watering troughs and feed before re-shipping to his customers, the average price being \$1.25 a dozen.

When the Pigeons were put into this huge cage they were so thirsty, that many drank themselves to death, or were killed in the mad scramble for water. In 1876 R. A. Turtle (now a taxidermist in Chicago) took 3500 Passenger Pigeons in crates to the annual live pigeon shoot in New York, which was run by Greene Smith, who was known to many of the older A. O. U. members, when he accumulated a large collection of birds at his home in Peterboro, N. Y. When this shipment reached its destination, most of the birds had worn the skin and feathers off the top of their heads from contact with the crates.

There was also the Abe Kleimann trap grounds near Chicago, where thousands of the Pigeons were shot. The writer, George Clingman and Joseph Hancock (still living) picked up dozens of wounded birds, which fell outside the fence. Mr. Clingman recently gave his fine collection of mounted birds to the Bryn Mawr High School of Chicago.—HENRY K. COALE, *Highland Park, Ill.*

**Economic Status of *Coragyps urubu* in British Guiana.**—When I was in Georgetown, during the winter of 1920–21, the Black Vulture was one of the commonest birds about the city. It was an everyday experience to see them sitting in rows on the roofs of houses, while the public abattoir, within the harbor, rarely had less than 30 or 40 about the buildings, apparently on the lookout for slaughter-house offal. Now one gets only a distant glimpse of occasional individuals flying high in air; at least nine-tenths of these municipal scavengers have disappeared, and I have not yet noticed a single bird roosting on a ridgepole.